

# The Bystander



"Bob" Burdette's Little Joke.  
Hawaiian Singers and Tourists.  
Celestials and the Patrol Wagon.

"Bob" Burdette, who is at Waikiki, writing things about Hawaii that should earn him the eternal gratitude of the promotion committee, is both a preacher and a josh. I have never heard him preach, but if he can do that as well as he can josh and would settle down in one of the Honolulu pulpits, I would cut out Sunday baseball just to go and hear him. The reverend doctor has a wife, who, in her sphere, is quite as famous as he is in his. She also is a lecturer and has her name in headlines at frequent intervals, and the one great cross she has to bear is that the head writers will insist on calling her "Mrs. Bob Burdette."

One writer, in a Middle West city, went further, not long ago, and the account of Mrs. Burdette's lecture came out the next morning under the headline "Mrs. Bob Talks." This was too much and she carried her complaint and the paper to her talented husband.

"See what this paper says," she explained, pointing out the offending headline.

"That does appear to be rather an unnecessary statement," said Doctor Burdette. "Mrs. Bob Talks" reminds me of the old advertisement of Cast Iron Sinks. Whenever I read that advertisement, I used to say: 'Of course it does'."

And that was all the satisfaction Mrs. Burdette received.

Why a Hawaiian quintet club should greet a band of tourists with the transplanted air of "Yama-Yama Man," "Love Me, My Honey" and such, that are being ground out by a thousand street organs in a hundred mainland cities, seems to me, unless it is the desire of the singers to impress upon the malihinis the fact that they also have "traveled some." Does anyone of our singers suppose that any tourist prefers ragtime to something distinctly Hawaiian? If he does, someone should put him right.

Tourists come to Hawaii to see and hear something that differs from what they see and hear in their own town. They want Hawaiian music and when they hear it they never forget it. No country has produced popular airs more wonderful than those of Hawaii, the haunting memory of which lives among the impressions of the tourists long after the fact that Honolulu is "up-to-date and modern" are forgotten.

It is a mistake to serenade any malihini with any music other than our own. Honoluluans may sometimes prefer to listen to the lament of some "coon" thrown down by his ladylove, or the words of lament of the aforesaid ladylove set to ragtime, but the tourist never. It would appear to be the duty of whoever employs the singing boys for an occasion such as the greeting of the Clevelanders yesterday to instruct them to confine their talent to the songs and music of the Islands.

Many a man will be trying to carry water on one shoulder and whisky on the other in the next campaign.

Honolulu's patrol wagon is worth noting for itself. It is a massive, well-constructed vehicle. You can not well help observing it, for in size and noise it about equals the prohibition movement. More interesting, however, is it to watch its occupants from time to time, and if you are of an observing frame of mind, it will be worth your while to keep your eyes open when you see and hear it approach and note the passengers entitled to and receiving a free ride. Male and female, convicted and committed, white and brown, young and old, will you see.

Perhaps you will see them, I should have said. Which brings me to a curious fact inspiring this particular effusion, and the significance of which I can not quite grasp. Of course the average white man, charged with any old thing from drunkenness to murder, and the average Hawaiian, being taken to the courthouse to ascertain what twelve good men and true, after listening to a mass of meaningless instructions, have to say as to his guilt or innocence, or perchance to listen to the presiding genius of the bulwark of our liberties hand out a lecture and a sentence, would each prefer to take his airing and exercise as an untended, unaccompanied lonely pedestrian. But the invitation to ride having been accepted, neither of them ever thinks of insulting his host—the United States or the Territory of Hawaii, as the case may be—by appearing to be ashamed to be seen in his company. Straight up does he sit, and all around does he look, and acquaintances does he greet, and as far as his actions are concerned, rare enjoyment from the tour is his.

But with the man from over the seas; the man who lives on rice and hopes of a great future for his country; the man whose ancestors may be traced to a period antedating by centuries the pomp and splendor and glories of the Roman Empire; the man who knows to us, and becomes even as a servant unto us, and who cooks our food and who trims our lawns, and who provides our dividends, all the while knowing we are an inferior race—in short, the oriental—it is entirely different.

He may be charged with the awful, frightful, soul-devastating crime of gambling, or with having so carelessly handled a cane knife that the red corpses of some fellow countrymen came to the surface. The seventh commandment may have been particularly obnoxious to him, or his calendar so mixed up that the admonitions of the fourth concerning the proper observance of the first day of the week, commonly called the Sabbath, were overlooked, and business was attended to, and church and baseball neglected. But whatever the crime, misdemeanor or felony—malum prohibitum or malum in se—it is certain that the ride in the sight-seeing car is not enjoyed by him. Nearly every time does he bow his head, and refuse to be comforted by the panoramic views incident to his pilgrimage. Once Oahu prison is left behind his interest in life apparently has ceased. Trains may come and trains may go at the depot and he knows not. Fish fakirs at the market cry their wares in vain; the heeds not. Automobiles may honk—or fail to honk—and he lists not. The dust on the unpurified streets may fly; the holes made by the telephone company in its heroic effort to get rid of the hello-gossip-line-busy-girl, may loom up appallingly; the chief attraction and home of the promotion committee, the Alexander Young Hotel, may present its magnificent proportions and roof garden; the gore lot may, as for years past, display the most attractive site for any old kind of public building. But ever is the head of that same oriental bowed, and ever does he stubbornly refuse to permit his face to be

The reason? As I have said before, I know not. The charge against him is written in the looks, and mentioned and discussed in the newspapers and known to all his countrymen. Nevertheless he apparently resents the public advertisement of his infamy. Ask him about it, and he will say "ashamed." Ask the guard, and he will say "pupule." Ask the student, and he will look wise and speak about traditions, and superstitions, and many other things which are, as attempted to be explained, difficult to understand. Adopt the one which best accords with your mental capacity—but the fact remains. The oriental does not like a patrol wagon.

## Small Talks

**GEORGE W. SMITH**—When congress decides to allow us the final word on the Curtis bill, our right to home rule is firmly established.

**W. A. BOWEN**—Why should not the women vote in the proposed prohibition plebiscite? Their interest in the matter is the greatest of any.

**CHALLEY FRAZIER**—People in Honolulu get excited about so many things that it is difficult for a serious-minded man to continue along any one line of thought.

**G. J. WALLER**—Someone sent a wireless to Hilo that I had retired from the management of the Hawaii Meat Company, and I have been writing letters ever since, denying the report.

**CAPTAIN WALKER**—If the Thetis will lose no time in going after the bird poachers I know are on Johnson Island, she could probably be in time to head off any relief schooner from Japan.

**JOHN M. MARTIN**—Anyone who thinks the prohibitionists feel they have lost because the Curtis bill did not pass in congress, have another thick center. The prohibitionists of Hawaii haven't lost until they quit.

**JAMES J. WILLIAMS**—The Bystander, last Sunday, gave the best language and prohibition argument I have ever read. If there were quite of that line of reasoning used by the temperance people and less of the trashy stuff, the cause would be advanced better.

**ANNE MARIE FREEMONT**—Everything must pass through island the way and crucible of "legality" at Washington, D. C., as all must know. However much we might wish to strengthen (and lengthen) the vote on prohibition of this Territory, (wherever that vote shall come to be in Japan), by a vote also of the women, it (that vote) would be, but invalid, and (then) have a value lost.

# Why Is a Supervisor?

By Josher H. Bluffem.

The problem which I set myself to solve this week was this: Why is a supervisor, and if so, what for? And I may as well confess at the start as later on that I don't know. Nobody knows, not even the supervisors. That, by the way, is not the only thing the supervisors don't know, though they will not admit it.

From my investigations into the subject of supervisors, I have been able to deduce a few glittering generalities which, while they do not answer the question as to the whyness of a supervisor, yet throw some little light on the nature of the individual.

A supervisor, as I have learned from observation and careful investigation, is a loud noise surrounded by an entire absence of ideas. He is likewise crowned with much dignity and a great and abiding sense of his own importance, and is strangely addicted to luau and automobile rides.

It is an act of great discourtesy for one supervisor to address another by name without calling him the Honorable Supervisor. They do not always do this, however, for they are not always courteous. Indeed, sometimes they are the reverse.

Supervisors are elected by the people and are supposed to represent those who elect them. If they do, probably the people get what is coming to them. They ought to know better. If all the rest of the people of Honolulu are like the supervisors, I'm going to move; I don't think the climate will suit me. But I am credibly informed that the electorate is not as bad as those they elect. This is one of the mysteries which I have not yet solved, though probably when I set my mind to it, I shall find it as easy as interviewing Marshal Hendry or exploring the depths of the volcano.

There have been supervisors, I am told, who were not in office for fifty dollars a month, but because they believed that they could really benefit the community. They are dead now or have failed of reelection.

I always like to make personal observations before deducing generalities. It is more scientific and exciting, you know. I myself am always scientific, and frequently exciting. This may have been noticed by other people. I have often noticed it myself.

My earnest desire to get my information at first hand induced me to attend a meeting of the board of supervisors. I went alone and unattended, as usual, but I was not afraid, notwithstanding the stories I had heard. Fearlessness is one of my characteristics; I am ready at any time to board a supervisor in his den and listen to him growl.

I was greatly astonished when I entered the room to note the appearance of the mayor and supervisors. I had expected them to look different, but they appeared quite human, and one or two of them exhibited indications of intelligence at times. These indications, however, were frowned upon by the majority.

At the end of the table sat a pensive person, whom I took to be the mayor, from the fact that he held a gavel in his hand and occasionally thumped on the table with it, for no apparent reason. At his elbow sat his confidential adviser or prime minister or whatever he may be officially designated. His business seemed to be to tell the mayor what to say and how to put the motions.

The mayor wore a beautiful mustache and a fine set of teeth, part of which, I understand, he inherited from his grandmother. He wasn't allowed to speak often, and nobody paid any attention when he did.

Nobody heard me when I entered. In fact, nobody could hear anything for the noise being made by a supervisor who was speaking, in a voice like the bull of Bashan. Occasionally he removed his pipe from his face to expectorate. This, however, did not greatly improve his appearance.

"I move to refer the matter back to the committee for reconsideration," bellowed the speaker. He glared at me as he spoke, and I subsided into the nearest chair next the press table, wondering what I had done. I was afraid he might bite, but I am now informed that he is perfectly harmless and performs at times almost intelligently.

"We always used to refer matters back to committees when I was in the legislature," roared the speaker, waving his pipe in the general direction of the mayor. "That's parliamentary rule. We've got to do things parliamentary here. What would the people who elected us think if we didn't?" he asked, glaring at the mayor. The mayor dodged and showed symptoms of wanting to crawl under the table, but was restrained by his private secretary, who, with great presence of mind, bit the end off a cigar and handed it to the chief executive of the City and County of Honolulu. This appeared to calm Hizzoner.

"This thing is up to the supervisors," vociferated the speaker, and I thought of a dog fight in the back yard. "The people expect us to do something. What are we here for, anyway?"

Nobody appeared to be quite sure and there was no answer. "I don't see what this has to do with automobile roads in Kaimuki," said a red-headed supervisor on the other side of the table, jumping to his feet and shaking his fist at the mayor. The mayor turned pale and nearly swallowed his teeth, but his life by thumping the back.

"The people make roads, and them. What's the public's money for going to do us any wasting time here be passing an ordinance width of Kaimuki teen inches. That would give us room for a fine automobile boulevard, and that's what we need. If you don't believe it, I'll take the supervisors out tomorrow to look over the ground. It won't cost anything except my auto charges."

"Sure, kela; we'll all go," chorused the supervisors. "May I go, too?" inquired the mayor, plaintively. "No, of course you can't go," snapped the red-headed supervisor, whose name, I was informed, was Quinn. "Do you think this is just a pleasure trip? It's not, I can tell you. I'm not in business for my health. Automobile tires cost me a hundred and twenty-five dollars a pair. You can't go unless you pay your own way."

"Gentlemen," said a meek supervisor with whiskers, "I have here a milk ordinance which I wish to introduce."

"Sit down. You're out of order," growled Aylett, crumbling a two-bit cigar a reporter had just given him, and stuffing it into his pipe.

"Will you keep still, Aylett?" said Logan, bristling. "This is not a menagerie or the legislature, and you can not do all the talking."

Now, Mr. Mayor, I ask you once, twice, three times, will you put the motion?"

"What is the motion?" asked the mayor.

Nobody appeared to know. "What'll I do?" asked the mayor, turning to his private secretary.

"Don't do anything and you are safe," replied the secretary. "That's not what you're here for."

"About this building ordinance," said a little man with the facial profile of a peanut, who had been trying hard to look bright.

"There ain't no building ordinance, and you ought to know. Supervisor McMillan, that there ain't going to be none," interrupted Aylett, dumping the contents of his pipe into Logan's lap.

"I know there ain't," said McMillan. "That's what I was going to say when you talked in. I just wanted to have the matter settled."

"Well, it's settled now," said Quinn. "I can't see where a building ordinance



Hizzoner.



"When I was in the Legislature—"



Honk-Honk!



"I want my milk—"



Trying to look bright.

# Lone Observer and the Malihinis

Blessed be the Advent of the Nomadic Malihinis! May their World Wanderings never cease bringing them into Vales of Particular Beautitude and their ramadations swing them again to the crescent shores of Hawaii nei!

It will be observed that in emitting this peroration at the wrong end of his remarks, the Lone Observer has coined a new word. This is because he yesterday wiggled through the Waikiki throngs and imbibed the curiously worded language of a mixed America. He heard one young lady say, pointing to a cocoanut, "Oh! See the beautiful pineapple!" Pineapple used in this sense is strictly original. She comes from the shores of the Connecticut and was raised on corn and chestnuts. Pineapples were as delightfully new to her as her rhapsody was to the Lone Observer.

There is a sense of perspective to be gained from watching a horde of people enter a strange land, which was almost mythical to them in every way, and mingle with the people of that land. The newness which is upon them can not be erased. They are tourists.

A Tourist is an animal found in the nineteenth century and greatly improved through the efforts of people who thrive upon them and who have brought them into a high state of perfection. But in Hawaii, they are more than tourists, they are malihinis. They are not tourists in the sense as are those who gaze with pre-advised rapture upon the falls of Niagara, but the tourist which is plumped unsuspectingly into a new world of pimply volcanoes and erratic foliage. Their surprise upon seeing something new outside of Broadway was so evident yesterday that the Lone Observer was immediately attracted to them by his desire for the psychologically strange.

Imagine a tourist pointing to a distorted fish painted in eleven colors and saying that it was artificially colored. One lady did that yesterday. The Lone Observer set her down at once as one who was well versed in the wiles of stunted amusementmakers and not used to the childlike and grotesque innocence of things Hawaiian.

It is the minutia of manifested psychology that is worth watching. These long words mean, to the best of the Lone Observer's belief, the crowd that was here yesterday differs from the previous Cleveland tourists by an increased capacity for surprise. The American tourist is unique in his class—that is, if he does not form a class by himself. He is frankly astonished by the things which he did not expect to see, not bored, as is his English brother, not self-composed, polite and blase, as is his French cousin.

Yesterday the crowd were surprised. They showed it, they spoke it. They had come from the midst of the complicated machinery of American commonplace to the sunlight; real Hawaiian sunlight, unadulterated by the advertised liquid quality that looks better as an excuse than a reality.

They moved from the Seaside Hotel to the Moana Hotel, and they moved back again. During their miniature peregrinations the Lone Observer moved with them. He saw one tailored young lady press her gloved arm hard against a cocoanut to see if it would yield. He saw an elderly lady carefully collecting samples of leaves from kiawe and other trees; he saw an elderly, white-headed gentleman rush up from the beach to his elderly, white-headed, but altogether charming wife with a piece of two-inch coral in his hand. Think of finding one piece of coral on the shores by which it grew after one had lived seventy years within sight of the Pilgrim's Rock "on that stern and rockbound coast" that gave Hawaii an excuse to celebrate Thanksgiving.

What kamaina would think of pressing a cocoanut tree to see if it was hard, musing his or her fingers with the sticky kiawe, or rhapsodizing over a two-inch arm of coral? None would, which proves that appearance is a matter of familiarity. There is nothing strange in a cocoanut except that to ninety per cent. of the Cleveland and other tourists it existed only as an ornament for fiction illustrations.

The tourists lined up about the luau preparations, watched the pig stuffed with fiery dressing and the taro pounded with primitive pounders. They were delighted with the way we cooked our food and were deliciously surprised we didn't use forks. That is, fifty per cent. of them were, and the other fifty per cent. of them were surprised that we wore clothes.

This sense of perspective can only be gained by watching a large crowd. A small crowd is timid about exposing its ignorance, and, therefore, does it awkwardly instead of with the ingenuousness a large crowd manifests. This remark is repeated because the Lone Observer wishes to impress upon the common people the fact that we are quite as strange as the stranger sees us. Mixed with the tourists were the German sailors who helped convey them hither. These sailors were pleased with what they saw, but took pains to suppress it when it showed signs of unwarranted risibility. They just stood around and became part of the landscape.

The tourists congregated in little groups and spoke of the Pal, which some of them had visited. They gave Honolulu and Hawaii genuine praise on the score of its natural beauties and did not find the little warranted faults found by those who reside longer. They met people whom they had met but once before in their lives for an instant on the Cleveland's decks and greeted them with the civility of a life acquaintance. They met persons whom they had never seen before, but who bore the button and lei that denoted them as Cleveland passengers, and were greeted, therefore, as friends of long standing found in a distant land.

This was the difference between the present Clevelanders and the other group. The others were sated with the circumambient and listless in answering to the appeal of new sights. They knew everybody and had formed their dislikes and favors. The present group hardly knew each other and have come to us in budding, childlike innocence, rosy pleased because they have seen a new thing.

For the sake of effect, the peroration must be understood to be duplicated here. The Lone Observer is satisfied with the impressions he gained. He hopes the Malihinis are the same!

## ALL READY FOR PUSS.

Mr. Youngbird (on the train)—Did you leave anything for the cat, dearest?  
Mrs. Youngbird—Oh, how can you ask? You know I wouldn't forget him. I left a whole can of salmon, with a can-opener right beside it.

**JAMES L. McLEAN**—I hope the time will soon come when Honolulu's annual fete will be for a week instead of a day, with Floral Parade, masque balls, dog show, poultry show and such things, only a day. Then visitors from the other islands could be brought here for a week of real good time.

nance is going to get us any votes next election. What are we here for, anyway?

"That's what I want to know, too," said a man hidden behind his mustache, at the lower end of the table. "A building ordinance wouldn't help us none in Waiwala. What we want is more money to spend on the roads. I know several voters in my district who need jobs."

"I move," said Quinn, "that we take a run up there in my automobile this week and see how things are. It won't cost but sixty dollars, and the city and county pays that."

"May I go, too?" asked the mayor, rattling his grandfather's knuckles on his watchchain.

"No, of course you can't go," said Quinn. "There ain't room for you in the machine, and, besides, what good would it do? You're a Democrat."

A little chap with a mustache and a somnolent expression woke up long enough to ask what all the row was about.

"Don't speak until you're spoken to, Kane," said Logan. "You wouldn't understand anyway." Kane yawned and went back to sleep.

"I have here," broke in the clerk of the board, "a communication from the superintendent of public works, asking when we're going to widen Bethel street."

"I don't see why we should waste the public funds widening streets," said Cox. "We'd better spend the money on country roads. Some of the voters want jobs on the road, and if they don't get them, they'll have to go to work."

"Move it be referred to the committee on roads, bridges and public streets," said Quinn. "It'll be safe there for a while. We can't afford to widen any streets in town until we get automobile roads all about the county."

"I want my milk," began Logan, plaintively.

"Mr. Mayor and Honorable Supervisors," roared Aylett, taking his pipe from his face and waving it in the air, "I'm sick and tired of hearing about this milk ordinance. What do we want a milk ordinance for? We never passed no milk ordinance when I was in the legislature. The people elected us to represent them, not to waste our time passing milk ordinances. I understand from the auditor that we have some money left in the treasury. We ought to make some use of it. The people expect us to spend it."

"I move we adjourn," said Ahia, sleepily.

"I move the honorable supervisors take an automobile ride around the island," said Quinn. "We ought to acquaint ourselves with what the voters want. If they don't want anything, maybe we'll give it to them."

"I want my milk," began Logan again.

"Shut up," said Aylett.

"I move," said McMillan, "that this honorable board appropriate five hundred dollars out of the general fund for a luau to be given by the mayor."

"Second the motion," yelled Kane and Ahia, enthusiastically.

The mayor's private secretary whispered in his ear.

"If there's no objection, it's a vote," declared Hizzoner.

"I object," roared Aylett. "The motion's not in proper form. That ain't the way we used to do when I was in the legislature." He took a cigar from Logan's pocket and crumbled it up, preparatory to ramming it into his pipe.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said Quinn, "this is no way to act. Are we children or are we supervisors? In the interest of peace and harmony I suggest that the matter be referred to the county attorney for a written opinion. His opinion is worth anything, I know, but I want to see him earn his salary."

"If there's no objection," began the mayor.

"I object," howled Aylett.

"Move we adjourn," said Kane, waking up again.

"I want my milk," began Logan, plaintively.

"Shut up," said Quinn. "What's your milk ordinance got to do with the price of automobiles here?"

"I don't want to find out, but I'd like to know your reason. Talk about a decent talk the depths of Hizzoner—it's nothing to sitting through a session of the board of supervisors of the City and County of Honolulu. I'm going to spend a week in the people house to get my nerves into shape again."